



# THE HOME CIRCLE PAGE

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## Our Harvest Home Day Changing

THANKSGIVING DAY! What a picture the word once evoked of church-going in the morning, of a family reunion, of a laden dinner table, of old-fashioned games, of general jollity—all within the home.

Now when you think of Thanksgiving Day you think also of one of foot-balls, a dance at night, of dining with strangers. The invitation from Great-Aunt Maria to a family dinner adorns your wastepaper basket. The ome from Mrs. Vanburgh is stuck proudly in your mirror.

Time was when for days before-hand the housewife prepared for this festival. When she ground and sifted spices, stoned raisins, washed currants, chopped mince-meat—or rather father did this with an apron tied about his neck—made pies and cakes and chopped the golden pumpkin.

By the time the great day arrived—that last Thursday in November—the pantry was full to overflowing with goodies. There were brown mince pies and yellow pumpkin ones; there were frosted cakes, there was a huge turkey; there were nuts and raisins, and cider and cranberry sauce, and dozens of other things all awaiting their turn to be put on the table and consumed by the merry crowd assembled in the house.

As for the table itself, it was sure to be a thing of beauty. Sometimes its centerpiece consisted of a horn of plenty which spilled from its generous depths ears of golden corn, satiny onions, tiny heads of cabbage and other of the more picturesque vegetables. And sometimes the horn was filled with fruits of lovely tints, grapes and pears and oranges. At all events, the decorations were devised to suggest

the harvest home idea, and red candles and red field poppies lent their warm color to contrast with the frost and sometimes with the snow outside.

It was almost as much fun getting ready for the Thanksgiving feast in these primitive days as it was in celebrating it when it came, and there were thrills connected even with seeding the raisins, that sticky ceremony unknown in this day of luxuries.

For now who makes mince-meat? And who seeds raisins? Practically no one who lives in a city. The city dweller has things made too easy for her to do such homely tasks. Instead she calls the grocer by telephone and says, "Please send me a quart of your best mince-meat," and she calls the baker and says, "Let me have four pounds of fruit cake and two pumpkin pies." And her raisins come to her already seeded and her currants come to her already sterilized, and so there is absolutely nothing left for her to do much less for the children.

Little wonder is it then that the old-fashioned Thanksgiving spirit has departed from our midst, that family parties are considered bores and an entire day spent at home as much a day wasted as if it had been passed in the tomb.

The one thing which remains of the old-time Thanksgiving day is its dinner for that is still warranted to test the strongest digestion. And yet in many places even the character of this has changed. Once upon a time its menu consisted of what may be called plain goodies; a thick soup, the aforesaid turkey, hogs, brown, and put on the table whole, not served in bits from a side table; cranberry jelly, sweet potatoes, succotash, creamed celery; then a lettuce salad, and mince and pumpkin pies for dessert.

A substantial repast it must be admitted, lacking in affections of elegance but likely to satisfy the ordinary appetite.

But a dinner to be given on next Thursday will have for its pièce de résistance wild duck—and if that isn't a crime against the national bird what is it—and there will be terrapin and other dainties very expensive and much esteemed of epicures but in no way peculiar to the day we celebrate. More than that, at this dinner the members of the family are to be smartly excluded, the guests are to be smart acquaintances who will come at 8 o'clock after attending the football game and a dance.

It's all very nice, but it is not Thanksgiving Day, and it does seem a pity that so ancient and so honorable, so homely and so American a festival should be allowed to lose its old-time significance.

But perhaps there will be a revival of it presently, who knows? Revivals are fashionable now.

## Why the Saleswoman Has Improved

ONCE upon a time a long while ago, to begin in the accepted fashion, it was thought that no training was required to become a successful clerk in a dry goods or a department shop. If a young woman had average intelligence and could add dollars and cents—even if it must be with the assistance of her fingers—she was esteemed fitted to sell gowns and hats and stockings and gloves to all comers.

The creed of the saleswoman of that age was of the simplest: She must make a sale. If perchance she had anything in stock which was not going well and she could force it upon some unsuspecting customer, so much the greater her victory. The saleswoman who could sell a woman something she did not want could command almost any price—up to \$5, and many's the girl who has proved so wonderful at cajolery that she could make the customer who came in to buy the calico for a kitchen apron take the silk for a peignoir instead.

Any reader more than thirty years old will remember the days when the clerk behind the counter patronized you hideously, explained to you mildly but firmly why you really did not want the serge gown you asked for and foisted upon you a black and white suit which was so loud that your afterward gave it to Aunt Jane to put

in the missionary box.

That you weathered this stage of salesmanship without committing murder and also, the next one—that one in which Mame and the girl at



the next counter discussed HIM while you waited and waited, the one so often depleted on the stage—as certainly to the credit of your constitution and your patience, and so for your reward you have been allowed to see the apotheosis of the clerk; to see her raised to the nth degree of power; to see her in her glorious and final state.

For it is no longer believed that selling goods is a thing learned by inspiration. It is taught now. The absolutely untrained young person is no more found in the stores. The self-possessed and efficient girl who comes forward to meet you when you enter a department has probably had the advantages of several courses in selling and attends classes in the shop besides from 8 to 9 a. m. She has learned that it is the wise thing, the proper thing to forward the wishes of the customer, not to thwart them. She has been taught that to over-persuade a reluctant buyer is bad business; she has been trained to give advice only when it is asked and not to thrust it upon a woman who knows exactly what she wants.

Altogether, buying has been made very comfortable, and for this the trained saleswoman who has risen from the ashes of the old-fashioned clerk is to be thanked.

## Noon the Hour for Weddings Now

NIGHT weddings are no longer fashionable. Time was when no woman felt herself properly and securely married unless the ceremony was performed after dark, with umbrellas, bridesmaids and great magnificence. Now the night wedding is no more, instead the high noon hour—that is anywhere from twelve to one—is most popular with brides and it is followed by a breakfast instead of by the tiresome reception of other days.

Also Saturday is now the day chosen of smart brides to be married. Wednesday, according to the rhyme "the best day of all," was the old favorite, while Saturday was considered literally "no day at all." And then suddenly the last day of the week became the first, as it were, in the minds of those about to be wedded, and now count the number of weddings which take place on Saturday and you will gain some idea of its popularity.

The weddings of the fall have been unusually gay, by the way, for by the new dispensation it is not necessary even for the bride to dress entirely in white. The gown of a recent bride, for instance, was veiled with a single layer of pink tulle which, while almost invisible, gave a warmth to the ivory satin under it which was most becoming to the wearer. Also this same young woman wore pink rosebuds to fasten her veil instead of the inevitable orange blossoms, and the bouquet which she carried was of pink roses.

As for the bridesmaids of the season, they have outdone themselves in gaiety of dress. Mauve, orchid and yellow are the tints which seem most popular with them, and there have been startling combinations. For instance a lavender gown worn by a pretty girl at a recent wedding had a chiffon covering of King's blue, the effect of which was lovely.

Add to the brightly colored gowns slippers of gold or silver, with stockings of gold or silver, and hats of all shades, and some idea may be obtained of the riot of color that the autumn weddings have shown, a riot which has exceeded in brilliancy even the magnificent tints of the woods.



As for the table itself it was sure to be a thing of beauty.

## THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER SAYS

THAT there are people who are not content with a simple but delicious bread filling for turkey, but insist upon spoiling the delicious turkey flavor with various other things. It is for such vandals as these that she gives the following recipe. Oyster stuffing: To three cups of stale bread crumbs add one-half cup of melted butter, salt, pepper, and a few drops of onion juice. Now clean and drain a pint of oysters and add to the other ingredients. Fill the turkey with this.

Chestnut stuffing: Shell and blanch three cups of French chestnuts and cook in boiling salted water until soft. Then drain and mash, using a potato masher. Add to them a fourth of a cup of butter, a quarter of a cup of cream and salt and pepper to taste. Mix one cup of cracker crumbs with one-fourth cup butter, combine the

mixtures and fill the turkey. Still another stuffing delighted in by some housewives is made of ground bread crumbs, minced salt, grated lemon peel, nutmeg, salt and the yolk of an egg beaten until light. To this mixture may be added either a small amount of grated ham, or a cupful of raisins as the cook elects.

But the Young Housekeeper thinks that the very nicest stuffing of all for turkey is the following plain, old-fashioned one: Put into a skillet on the stove a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg and allow it to melt. Add to the melted butter the crumbs from a loaf of stale bread and stir over the fire until smoking hot. Now add one of two beaten eggs and pepper and salt to taste. When the whole is hot stuff the turkey with it.

The young housekeeper says that the wet and soggy dressings which are so often furnished with poultry constitute a culinary crime and that the makers of them should be instantly executed.

She also deprecates the use of gelatine in making cranberry jelly—another offense against good taste. To make this most essential accompaniment of turkey wash four cups of cranberries and put in a stewpan with one cup of boiling water. Boil twenty minutes. Rub through a sieve, add two cups of sugar and cook five minutes. Turn into a mould.

The Young Housekeeper says that pumpkin pie is only eatable when it is made of "sugar and spice and everything nice," and therefore is not for the cook who has to economize. Many eggs, much cream, and some good brandy should enter into its composition or it is no better than its humble cousin, sweet potato pie. An old recipe is as follows: 1 cup steamed and strained pumpkin, 1 cup of heavy cream, 1 cup of sugar, 3 eggs slightly beaten, four tablespoonsful of brandy, 1 teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, three-fourths teaspoonful of ginger and salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of mace. Bake in a lower crust only.

PRETTY SCHOOL FROCK. A pretty school frock for a girl is of navy blue serge. It is box-pleated from a yoke back and front and has a stitched belt of the material. The hemstitched rolling collar is of white faille silk and is finished with a plaid bow.

## LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

### He Went Back to Give Thanks

HERE was once a certain Young Man who had always Doped Out Thanksgiving as a Greater Day than any of the other 364. When a Kid it meant Turkey; then, in high school and college days it meant Football and Chrysanthemums and Girls. And the Whole Layout looked Mighty Good to him.

Presently, though, he was handed a Diploma and turned loose on a Waiting World—waiting, that is, to see just how hard it could soak him in the way of imparting information that can't be Hog-Tied in a college.

So, Our Hero stepped into Business, to be exact, he finally found a man who was willing to start him on what he Used to Spend in college for Cigarettes and Hot Dog Sandwiches.

Then Thanksgiving began to be a monstrous lay for him. It seemed to lose its pep. Of course he had Turkey; and the two High Schools in the town had their annual Golden Prize Fight then—but Slacked Up against the Real Thing. It was a Fiver. Church indeed looked Mighty Good and, for the First Time in his life after attaining Years of Discretion, he listened to an Exposition of the true meaning of Thanksgiving Day.

He longed to go up to the Big Town which was located on the Outskirts of the Dear Old College and take in the Big Poling—meaning the annual Football Game between his Alma Mater and its Hated Rival. But he was Short on the Long Green. He hadn't as yet added much Weight in that Day Envelope.

Being That Kind of a Cuss, he wasn't Center to Hop a Rattler, get a General Admission to the Game and beat it back home in Time for Dinner, so to speak.

His idea of Going Back was with Bells On. He wanted to Throw a Front, to Put Up at the Best Hotel and invite his Old College Chumps to have anything they wanted on him, also, a Taxi to the Game, a Bet on it that wasn't in the Piker Class and a Box at the Theatre that evening right opposite the ones occupied by the Team.

So, he Waited.

One, two, three—and finally in the Fifth Year after old Alma Mater had Turned him Loose he felt that he was Prepared for the Grand Killing. So, on Thanksgiving Eve he set out.

Sardonically he was the Last Word. His pockets bulged with Panatelas which he tried to Smoke as though he was used to them as a Daily Diet; and they were guaranteed to make a Sure Hit when passed around Promiscuous-like.

Financially speaking, he felt Prepared for All-Comers—he felt Old College Chumps, foolish betters from the Rival Camp or even Head-Waiters. He blew into Town with Colors Flying. His heart was Bubbling Over with Thankfulness. For the first time in five years he felt it was truly Thanksgiving Day. He swept into the Hotel like he Owned it and left word



It seemed like the Old Stuff Once Again.

with the Clerk to give his name to anyone from the Other Side who came in Waving Money on the Game.

Then he Sauntered Out for a view of the Old Town.

As he stood on the corner, with the Church Spire in the Background and a Football Poster announcing the afternoon's Contest, it seemed like the Old Stuff once again. All he needed to Fill his Cup to the brim was to hear the old College Yell. And he Heard it, too.

Presently he ran into one member of his own Class—but unfortunately one with whom he had not Fraternized over much in College Days. Yet he welcomed him as a Long Lost Brother, and Stuck Close.

The Campus and the Buildings looked the same, but they seemed to be inhabited by an Alien Crew. Not a familiar face Greeted him. He was Welcomed as an "Old Grad," but they all looked like Infants to him; and somehow they just didn't know how to Loosen Up.

He tried to Get News of the Fellows who were in College with him—but the only ones they knew about were the Unfortunates who had been Freshmen when he left.

He saw the Game that afternoon; but the Team looked like boys and he thought the Yelling was mighty Funk. Also, the Rival College copped the coin by a Big Score—and proceeded to Rub It In after the game with a Snake Dance all over the Field which didn't end in a Free-For-All.

That settled him. He caught the First Train back.

Moral: The older you get, the more you realize the real meaning of Thanksgiving Day—Church and Turkey.

### Thanksgiving At Five Oaks

THANKSGIVING at the old homestead! Thanksgiving with snow-covered fields stretched out before one's gaze! Thanksgiving within by the blazing logs in the open fireplace, with cider and apples and roast turkey and pig, and fat chestnuts popping merrily away on the hearth! Thanksgiving—in the country!

How often does the city man dream of it! And how often had the Town-bred dreamed the same dream—before they bought their place at Five Oaks! And now—now it had become a reality!

It was almost too good to be true. And Virginia, the cook, and her husband John, the man-of-all-work, seemed equally enthusiastic. What with turkey and pig to kill and roast, and pies and cake and an endless assortment of "trimmings" to prepare, the occasion was upon them all too soon.

And yet Mr. Townbred had no fear that his guests from the city would find aught amiss. He had invited

ghostly sheets.

And it was cold, too. So much so, that a little while after breakfast Jones called up to present his apologies and explain that his wife had a bad cold and that they were afraid to undertake the long, cold trolley trip out to Five Oaks.

Mr. Townbred pleaded. Mr. Townbred explained that the clear cold air in the country would really benefit Mrs. Jones' cold, and finally Mr. Townbred began kidding Jones about being afraid to budge out of his steam-heated flat and get his feet colder than they were by nature. But all to no avail—for Jones had his instructions from the head of the house.

"Now isn't that rotten luck!" exclaimed Mr. Townbred as he hung up the receiver and turned to his wife. "I'll just about spoil our Thanksgiving!"

"It will—not!" declared Mrs. Townbred stoutly. "I'm sorry they can't come, but we'll have a nice—honestly, Ruthvin, I believe and rather have just us two and—Mutt!"

Mr. Townbred laughed. "Oh, yes, Mutt, to be sure! We couldn't get

any more than the house, literally, he ruled the roost. And—he knew it!

There was Gene, the collie, too, but Gene was an "outside dog," so little, spoiled, pampered, jealous Mutt had "the edge" on him in every way. And yet Gene, too, would come in for his share of the Thanksgiving turkey and, smart dog that he was, he seemed to realize that something was in the air, at least that his master was at home instead of away from the place as on ordinary days.

With laughing comment, pitying and facetious, about poor city people who were afraid of a little cold weather, the Townbreds donned caps and sweaters and trooped gaily out to inform the rest of their family that it was Thanksgiving Day, and that they would receive an extra feed.

The chickens were clucking contentedly away—no doubt thinking their lucky stars that they had not been born turkeys. The pigs rolled out of their warm straw bedding and lumbered greedily up to the feeding trough; Mr. Townbred gave them a whole bucketful of chestnuts and watched them squeal and shove and

to say, "I don't know anything about this Thanksgiving Day business, but I do know that I have a fine stall, lots to eat and a good, kind master. So—come across with that extra feed you're talking about, and I may let down a little more milk than usual tonight, just by way of encouraging you to do it some more!"

Within the house again, easy chairs were drawn up before the big open fire and the morning paper—which John had just brought from the post-office—were perused. Then a neighbor or two called up to give them the season's greetings and the latest countryside gossip—sincerely aware that no doubt every one of the six subscribers on that party line had their respective receivers off the hook.

Later, when spoiled little Mutt had all but worked himself into a conniption fit by fruitlessly begging for some of that delicious odor that tantalized his nostrils, Virginia announced that dinner—the Townbreds' first Thanksgiving dinner in their own country home—was served.

And such a dinner! Truly, it made real the lesson of "Harvest Home" for most of the things that graced the table had been raised on the Townbreds' own place. Which fact, of course, added keen relish to every dish. Mutt evidently thought so, too, for he stood on his hind legs, with his front ones resting on Mr. Townbred's chair, and begged for turkey—and more turkey—and still more turkey.

And Mrs. Townbred, considering the day, made no objection to his being fed at the table. Whereupon the little rascal seemed perfectly aware of that fact and wagged his tail and crinkled his nose at poor Gene, who stood outside on the porch looking in pathetically.

At last, dinner over, the easy chairs were sought again. Mr. Townbred lighted a cigar and Mutt, full to the bursting point, stretched himself at full length on the hearth.

"Some Thanksgiving, my dear, some Thanksgiving!" said Mr. Townbred softly as he reached over and patted Mrs. Townbred's hand.

"Yes, indeed yes, Ruthvin," she replied sweetly. "We have much to be thankful for—much indeed. And in our old age, if nothing goes amiss, we will have the same, and maybe more, for the longer you live in the country the more you have."

"You bet!" agreed Mr. Townbred instantly. And then he began to laugh. "Just think," he explained, "if we lived in the city now we'd be fairly breaking our necks to get to the matinee or a football game! That's the deuce of a way to spend Thanksgiving, isn't it?"

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Jones and Mrs. Jones to partake of their Thanksgiving repast—to give them a taste of what Thanksgiving in the country really means.

It began to snow early on Thanksgiving eve, and when morning came the world was blanketed with inches and inches of it, to say nothing of the myriad of flakes still beating down in

along without him, could we? Here, Mutt, you little rascal, c'mere! Do you know you're going to get lots and lots of turkey today—here, stop chewing my finger—you want to be scratched all the time and my hands haven't thawed out yet!"

Mutt, of course, was a dog, a fluffy white Cuban poodle. But Mutt also

smack their lips over them. Bob, the old white horse, and Lady Flirt, his fine saddle-mare, neighed affectionately as they entered the barn and thrust forth their noses to be scratched and, perchance, to find a stray lump of sugar concealed in the palm.

Even Sukey, the cow, lifted her soulful eyes and "moored," as much as